

# THE COMRADE

November 1904





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# THE COMRADE

## The Times and Their Tendencies

### The Merger Decision

IT is an interesting commentary upon the intelligence of the men who make up the voting majority of the Republican party, that most of them believe, that when the President prevented the formal consolidation of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads, he really accomplished something. The Republican voter is a creature of habit, not of thought. He understands economic conditions not at all, and hence can be quieted or tricked, as occasion arises, by the most transparently superficial action on the part of those who traffic in his faith. It would be folly to assume that the huge majority of Republican voters are content with their present wretched struggle for existence. The fact that accessions from the Republican ranks to the Socialist party are constantly being made, proves that when the Republican can be induced to reflect he sees the absurdity of the present social order as clearly as any other man.

Thoughtlessness and indifference are the only real enemies with which the Socialist propaganda has to contend.

The psychology of the Republican is a mixture of political habit and ingrained fatalism. His faith has no roots in personal investigation. He has never really questioned himself to ascertain if he knows what he is voting for. His fatalism finds expression in his assumption that "human nature cannot be changed" and that under any party the same abuses must exist that he is forced to recognize flourish in his own. So far as he is a theologian, he accepts the ancient belief that things are ordained by an old man god whom it is useless to kick against. Being thus a fatalist, he cannot enthuse over schemes for human betterment. Having no vital faith, he is as well satisfied with phantasms of things as with things themselves. It is thus that he can grow eloquent over Mr. Roosevelt's attack on the Northern Securities Company, without knowing whether Mr. Roosevelt really accomplished anything or not.

What did the president attack so valiantly? Merely an empty formality. He made no more real impression than an arrow shot into a fog-bank.

Here are two railroad companies: the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern. By stock manipulation they have come to be owned by the same stockholders. As they are owned by the same people, these people naturally concluded to save money by consolidating and getting rid of two sets of directors. Here is where the president butted in.

"No!" he said. "It is vital to the interests of the people, that there be competition between railroads, so you shall not consolidate! You shall continue to compete!"

And the mob screamed in acclamation, "Hurrah! They've got to compete. The president commands it."

But the railroads stopped competing, when they came under joint ownership. The merger was simply a public acknowledgment, that there was no longer any reason for competing.

If a man owns two paper-mills, he is not going to play one against the other, whether he runs them separately or runs them together, and the case is no different if the property is a railroad. Because Jim Hill can't run his two roads under one management, no one of sane mind will conclude that he's going to ruin them both and himself too by indulging in absurd competition.

In these days of "gentlemen's agreements," there is no necessity of going outside the law for public plundering. There are ways of interpreting the laws, that are perfectly transparent and yet not in any way actionable. Laws passed ostensibly in public interest, by privately owned legislative bodies, invariably have openings for double meanings and specious reasonings. Legal logic declares pompously that the leopard cannot change his spots. The populace applauds! Great is legal logic! How *can* a leopard change his spots? Then arises the attorney-general of the United States, bristling with knowledge gained in trying how-not-to-do-it, who says: "Gentlemen of the jury, do not be misled by the shallow reasoning of the opposing counsel. A leopard can change his spots. When he gets tired of lying in one spot, he changes to another! There are spots and spots."

And the populace again rises in acclamation.

And the attorney-general thenceforth is made senator.

It is absurd to imagine that these two transcontinental lines do

not exercise the powers of monopoly because they are nominally operated as competing concerns, and it is a credulous people that believes when the earnings of both roads go into the same pocket, that the rates to the shipper are reduced by competition. So long as the people permit private property in the national highways, no government can prevent the owners of such properties doing as they please. The Northern Securities decision, with all its legal buncombe and bombast, is not worth the paper it was written on. As an enactment calculated to curb syndicated capital, it is so shallow and impotent in result, as to make of Mr. Roosevelt an object of ridicule, rather than the subject of political admiration.

\* \* \*

### Other Railroad Mergers

PROSECUTIONS like that of the Northern Securities Company are of no use whatever as a practical matter as events in the railroad world are showing. There are three other transcontinental lines within the boundaries of the United States. These are the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. The Union Pacific now owns a controlling majority of the stock of the Southern Pacific company, and in the settlement of the affairs of the Northern Securities company, it will become a large, if not controlling owner of stock in the Northern Pacific. There has lately been very active buying in the shares of the Atchison company, and, as a result of recent operations, the Union Pacific company is credited with already holding 300,000 of these shares, while Pennsylvania, Rock Island, St. Paul and Missouri Pacific are said to possess enough more to give these various companies control of the great Atchison transcontinental system. A well-known New York banker, who is helping to engineer the re-construction of the Atchison, recently said that the country will soon see developed "a community of interest in railroad properties which up to this time has only been dreamed of."

It is clear enough, that the Northern Securities plan, which aroused such an uproar in the North, is being exercised quietly in the south. It is fully and unquestionably already established there, without protest from Washington. These joint railroad company purchases of control, are taking place constantly wherever competition or possible competition is a menace to complete monopoly.

The struggle for the control of the Alton, between the Moore's of Chicago and Harriman of New York during the month, is a case in point. It is a fascinating thing to watch men play who can buy a railroad over a cup of coffee. Harriman bought the Houston and Texas central, about 700 miles long, about a year ago. He didn't need it, nor want it. He just didn't want it to fall into the hands of anyone who might be unfriendly to his principal graft—the Southern Pacific. The Rock Island system, which the Moore bandits wrecked to secure their financial re-habilitation, needed the Houston and Texas Central to get an outlet to the gulf. They offered Harriman more than he paid for it, but he would not sell. So they tried to bunco him out of the Alton, in the way that John W. Gates stole the Louisville and Nashville from Belmont. The Moore's began quietly buying Alton stock and Mr. Harriman did not wake up to their game until too late to block it. When he found himself outgeneraled he was glad to compromise to retain his representation on the directory of the Alton. So he told the Moore's how much he loved them, that he was only teasing, that he didn't really care for the old Texas central, that he just bought it with some change he found in the pocket of his old pants and that they could have it if they really wanted it. So they took it. Then they had an amicable conference. As they had beaten each other all they could, they made a contract to work together to beat other people, and out of their love-feast came this gentle cooing from the pen of the president of the Alton, Mr. Felton, who is still Mr. Harriman's hired man.

Mr. Felton said: "The different groups of stockholders have reached an agreement by which the possibility of differences between them, respecting the control of the property were entirely removed, and a condition brought about insuring entire harmony in the management of the property and admitting of the most friendly co-operation on the part of the different interests involved for the development of



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the business of the company and the interest of all stockholders and for the establishment of close relations with important connections." So!

\* \* \*

**Conspicuous Waste** IT must not be assumed that railroad systems can become the mere table stakes of professional gambling, without human consequences. The great fortunes stolen by men like the Moore's in financial wrecking must come from somewhere. Even a railroad company with unlimited possibilities of monopoly cannot perform its service with these enormous leaks at the top. What does it mean when men like L. F. Loree can work for nine months as president of a railroad and then be given his walking-papers and \$875,000 as compensation? He was pulled out of his job on the B. and O. and guaranteed a salary by the Rock Island of \$75,000 a year for five years, beside a stock bonus of \$500,000 in Rock Island shares. When the Rock Island crowd got him, they soon found he was in the way and so fired him, and paid him his five years wages to get rid of him without uproar. Loree was an expert in the railroad profession, not a wrecker. His idea was to *run* the road, not wreck it. He had to go at any price.

What happens when the management of a railroad has the wrecking instead of the running psychology?

Precautions of public safety are ignored.

People are killed in collisions.

There is not a real railroad operator in the United States who, when he reads that ten thousand people were slain in the United States by railroads during the last fiscal year, does not wonder why one hundred thousand were not killed. The men who run the railroads know but too well that they are imperfectly equipped for the protection of human life. But they dare not speak. If they were to be true to their highest manhood, the superintendents and operating managers would be fired out as Loree was fired out, only they have no contracts; they would be turned off penniless and blacklisted. When money is spent in wrecking, that same money cannot be spent in block-signal systems. The Moores, Harrimans and all their kind are not financiers, they are executioners. The relation between the millions they have garnered and the homes they have built at Lake Geneva, the horses they exhibit at horse-shows and the ten thousand mangled bodies ground up in railroad disasters is direct and unequivocal. The stock of any railroad, watered as American railroad stocks have been for a score of years, cannot pay over 6 or 7 per cent with the most rigid and careful management. When therefore a few men steal millions in a consolidation scheme, it must follow that the road is left financially crippled. It's engineers must double their working hours, climbing into their cabs with the heaviness of sleep still on them. No money will thenceforth be spent to insure public safety. The road has been robbed and the people who ride upon it thenceforth, sooner or later will be murdered. And when these murders are committed, it is not the Moores and Harrimans, who stand within the felon's dock; it is their poor wretched hireling, the engineer! The real criminals escape. The engineer must hold his job. Knowing that the signal-systems are obsolete, knowing that when he climbs into his cab he may never climb out of it, knowing that he may be indicted for manslaughter for doing his very best, yet he must hold his job.

The stupendous indifference of the American masses to a slaughter by railroads which dwarfs the loss in the Spanish war by comparison passes comprehension. All Europe is exclaiming at it. Collisions have practically disappeared in England and are scarcely ever heard of in the continental countries of Europe. But here on the leading, standard lines, trains go smashing into one another every week, killing and maiming scores of men and women, who have the hardihood to travel.

In New Zealand where the socialist principle is far enough advanced to have taken the railroads out of the hands of the Moores and Harrimans, they are even now discarding the "block" system, which American railroads have not yet cared enough about human life to introduce. Before we have the system which the capitalist newspapers are clamoring for, the New Zealand people will have completely discarded it as obsolete.

On the New Zealand state roads the "tablet" system is now displacing the "block" system. No engine driver can leave a station without a tablet in his possession and the machines are so made that it is impossible for two of the tablets of any section to be out at the same time. If an engineer leaves Auckland for Newmarket with a tablet, that tablet has to be deposited in the machine at Newmarket before another tablet is issued, allowing a return train to leave that station for Auckland; and the electrical connection between the two stations makes it impossible to extract a tablet from the Auckland machine until the tablet has been put into the machine at Newmarket.

Under this system two trains cannot be on the same section at once, so collisions are impossible.

The devisors of this system have gone up and down the United States imploring its adoption. The scientific journals of the country have given minute descriptions of it, commending its use as an absolute protection to the lives of the traveling public. Every railroad superintendent, who reads at all, knows about it and many of them have recommended it to their superiors. Why then is this admirable system not adopted?

Because here in the United States railroads are still the property of individuals, are still the objects of exploitation for private profit, and the tablet system of signalling costs money!

Ten thousand people murdered last year and Mr. Harriman and the Messrs. Moore giving champagne dinners in their private cars! Laughing, smoking, drinking "high-balls" and talking about horses!

And in ten thousand American homes men, women, and children bearing their burden of loss and sorrow, most of them blaming it on the being they call God!

Stupendous, unspeakable, diabolical. Madness run riot in a world of imbeciles.

\* \* \*

### Dog Eat Dog

IT is deeply moving in the face of such gigantic murders by railroads for the private profit of their owners, to see these same men appealing to public sentiment for protection against the men who own lines of private freight cars.

Private cars in freight traffic are of three classes — refrigerator, tank and stock cars. Such dressed meat concerns as Armour and Co. for example, own the cars in which their products are shipped across the continent. The railroad over which the shipments are made will charge the car-owner for the freight and then rebate him something for the use of the car. This is called "mileage" and the rate has generally been three-fourths of a cent a mile per car. But the packing concerns and others owning these private cars have now become so powerful as to dictate terms to the railroads, and they have jumped up the rate to a cent a mile, loaded or empty and insist that their cars be run long distances on fast trains.

These cars, thus handled, frequently earn for the shipping concerns which own them as much as \$30 a month, a sum which would amount to the cost of the car in three years.

Now the railroads do not like this at all, but they are at present powerless to prevent it, and will remain powerless to prevent it, until either one corporation like the Northern Securities company owns the whole railroad property of the country, or until the people take over the roads as public property.

The big private car concerns, if they cannot get the terms demanded of one road will throw their business over to another, and if the large railroads stand out together, the private car concern will find some small road to do the business, even if the haul is longer.

There is now in Chicago a man named Midgley, who has for years been serviceable as "commissioner" of the Western traffic association, a legal association of railroads for the hiding of illegal practices.

He seems now to be employed to do the squealing against the private car concerns. He was a very willing witness at the hearing of the interstate commerce commission last month at Chicago. He told how, when the railroads were attempting to combat this "evil" and the mileage rate had been jammed down to half a cent and a further reduction was in prospect, the representatives of the Standard oil company asked for a conference. They got it, at their office in New York.

Said Mr. Midgley at the hearing:

"One of the Standard officers named Tilford, I think, remarked that there was always a 'weak sister' in any crowd. 'Now we'll proceed to discover the weak sister,' he said, 'and make all our shipments over her road at three-quarters of a cent per car per mile.' One of the railway presidents at the conference then said that if the Standard proposed to deal that way the railroads who were large buyers of oil, would turn about and buy their oil elsewhere.

"Just try to buy oil elsewhere," retorted Tilford. 'We own all the oil, and would like to see you do it. Good day, gentlemen,' whereupon he put the 'conference' out of the room."

This is beautiful and impressive, and surely ought to stir the hearts of the populace in sympathy for the abused railroads. But Mr. Midgley declares that this is not all.

The private car owners are not only able to exact an unreasonable compensation for mileage use, they claim exemption from the interstate commerce law because of this private ownership and their power is so great as often to force the poor railroads into a grant of especially low shipping rates, as well as especially high rates to the owners for the use of their cars. The high rates for usage amounts to a discriminating rebate as against the shipper who ships in the ordinary way through the cars of the railroad company; and the especially low rate for hauling the contents of the private car amounts to another discrimination against the ordinary shipper.

Oh, woe! the poor little shipper! It is for him the railroad is wailing. And the poor little shipper joins in the hue and cry. He always howls but never knows what hits him. The middle class man trying to carry on an independent business with no graft in it, is today the sorriest spectacle in the universe.

Whoever wins, he loses.

He is hanging on by his toe-nails to an infested competitive system, which is dumping dust down his throat at such a rate that he cannot much longer pretend it doesn't hurt him.

He will rally to the relief of the railroads against the "private car evil" and then the railroads will thank him kindly and take what he has left.

\* \* \*

### The Peace Congress

OF all the uproarious, and side-splitting absurdities, that fate perpetrates upon a drifting world, the worst is the singular chain of events and circumstances which last month placed Theodore Roosevelt, with his big stick, in the position of patron and special sponsor of the peace confer-



ence. No funnier thing has happened in public life, since John Alexander Dowie became a Republican. To see Mr. Roosevelt come up, cheerfully smiling, as Napoleon of the Universal Peace and people nodding grave approval, in an "oh, yes! that's what we expected" sort of way; makes one pinch himself to make sure he's not at a play.

It is like a miniature Constantine adopting the Christian religion. It is easy to divert mere academic wailings for peace into absurd channels of impotence. Why were there not a few fellows at the conference to give a concrete example as two? Are we the same peace-loving nation we were before the first election of McKinley? We are building a navy "to rival the greatest in the world", we love peace so well.

What's the good of generalizations, where specific facts exist that will bring truth home to the minds of the people?

The peace congress did not rise to its opportunity.

It tried to "keep out of politics" and "remain impersonal" and only succeeded in being imbecile.

The whole movement for "universal peace" is but a weak and halting ideological reflex of the socialist movement. Like all such reforms it begins at the top. It calls for peace, without having the courage to declare against the things which make peace impossible. The Socialist declares for universal peace. Socialist literature has been so full of this declaration for years that it has finally colored academic literature. Hence the ideas of a peace congress. The academic has got that far. But after the manner of the academic, he goes at this problem as he goes at every other, upside down. He wants to impose artificial agreements for peace, without attempting to remove the cause of war. It is only one more artificial reform. Of course, for the honor and dignity of their own lives the academics had better be having peace conferences than cock fights, and yet as to the results in lessening human misery and the incentives of war the effect of one is but little better than the other. It has all been preached, this peace business, by professional Christians for nearly two thousand years. It is doubtful if the new preaching will go any deeper. Indeed it is safe to assume that the people of the peace conference, at least the majority of them, recognize no relation between what they call their ideals and the ballot they cast at national elections.

Until a man gets to voting for conditions which will make war impossible, he is not very far along in his usefulness. Talk of peace becomes very sterile and reactionary while votes go with it to sanction the continuance of a form of society which is essentially predatory and feudal. Our brothers of the peace conference will forgive our not enthusing over all their newspaper glory at Boston last month.

We are engaged in serious business; and have hardly time to point out the fact that under present conditions the publicity given a reform movement is in direct proportion to its impotence.

\* \* \*

## Domestic Threatenings

FROM all parts of the world come tales of suffering and destitution, and Japan will soon begin to pay the penalty for her war. Whatever hopes her capitalist class entertained as to a brief conflict with Russia they are now preparing for a long and exhausting struggle. Count Okuma now tells his countrymen that they must expect to spend at least \$1,000,000,000. The taxes will be piled upon the people, internal improvements will be stopped, even popular education is to be curtailed. In Russia the same proceedings will take place, causing even greater distress to the producing classes.

In the eyes of the socialist such stupendous folly is almost impossible to realize. That in this age the working classes of these two countries should be slaughtering each other by tens of thousands for the benefit of their masters; the men who exploit them in times of peace and will, when war is over, make them pay in their labor the cost of the war, is enough to make one despair of human intelligence. Beside the wholesale murder from which a race grown to manhood should turn in horror, the after effects of war; the poverty and degradation, are so inevitable.

Now that the boom in the manufacture of mourning goods, which was such a good thing financially for individuals like Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, has passed with the Boer war, the reaction in the textiles reminds one of our own conditions in Fall River. It was announced at an October meeting of the Manchester, England, city council that owing to the "hard times" and depression in the cotton industries, between 40,000 and 50,000 people in the poorer parts of the city are practically on the verge of starvation. At the end of August, a season of large employment for unskilled labor, 110,495 persons were applying for charity in London, not to mention 1206 vagrants, who had to be assisted. For England and Wales altogether the records show 730,214 persons receiving indoor and outdoor relief. This is 34,340 more than at the same time last year. American statistics are not available, owing to the fact that Theodore Roosevelt has been running for re-election, and by his direction Carroll D. Wright has issued statistics transparently and vulgarly false for the purpose of deceiving the shallow voter as to social and industrial conditions—until after election. This vile prostitution of a dignified government department for private ends, is not the least of the things for which Theodore Roosevelt should be held up to public scorn.

We know that in Fall River there have been for the three months preceding election, 26,000 workers and their families, aggregating 100,000 men, women and children, on the verge of destitution. Six

thousand have emigrated from Fall River since the strike began. And we know that we can learn nothing of these sufferings from the capitalist papers. They have been as silent as the grave. As is quite conceivable the "business men" of Fall River are now beginning to use their heads instead of Roosevelt statistics. They are beginning to feel the pinch. About the middle of the month they arranged a conference between the secretaries of five of the labor unions and a committee from the cotton mill manufacturers, who signed the wage reduction agreement. The conference came to naught. The manufacturers presented a formal signed statement setting forth their oft-repeated arguments why it is impossible for them to operate under the present market conditions and pay the wages formerly in effect. The labor leaders replied as before, that some other cotton mills were operating under the wage scale desired by the strikers.

The strike is no nearer a settlement than it was twelve weeks ago. Winter is coming on and the mill operatives are destitute. It is a grim situation, grim and terrible. Some one must recognize it pretty soon. The political mountebanks who today stand for public service in this nation must soon swallow their lying professions of prosperous conditions, and look these facts in the face. Four years more of the blustering and shallow variety of statesmanship will sink the American Republic in a slough from which the utmost sacrifice cannot rescue it.

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## The Industrial Dead Line

MEANWHILE alongside of pension schemes for the dear workman are evidences that the big concerns of capitalism are not going to pay out age benefits until their slaves have earned them. If they pay for the old human hulks, they want to be sure that none of the youth of these hulks has been spent in any other service. A week or so ago the announcement was made that the Carnegie steel company had issued a circular to the heads of departments instructing them to employ for skilled work no new man over 35 years old, in certain parts of the works, and none over 40 in other departments. It is now reported that the Pennsylvania railroad company has issued a general order calling for the dismissal of employees hired after they had passed 35 years of age, and prohibiting the future employment of persons above those years. It is presumed that men in either of these companies, who were taken on at the earlier period of life, will be "allowed to work" as much beyond the age of 40 as they are able to, without being a nuisance.

If this sort of thing should become contagious; and there are indications that it is very likely, it means that the fiction that "in this country every boy can be president" will need revision. It will establish as positive a class of serfs, as one finds anywhere in Europe. It means that the man who has barely reached middle life has got to keep his job under any conditions of hardship or brutal treatment that may be imposed upon him, or go forth either to starve or become a pauper upon the state; for even the shallowest of the "patriots" who sing the praises of this country now realize that few men can accumulate a "competence for life" before reaching the 35 or 40-year dead-line.

Such orders as these make one of two things inevitable, and even the most thoughtless should not fail to see it; either every worker must slave and die in a single rut, forgoing even the privilege he now enjoys of occasionally seeking a new master, or there is to be eventually a wholesale relegation of all men at maturity to idleness and dependency. That such conditions can be imposed permanently upon men may be in the thought of those who attempt their imposition; but it simply shows the shallow and short-sighted management under which the "system" is tottering to its fall.

Men at 35 or 40 are usually in the full strength and maturity of their powers and have good working stuff in them for 10 or 20 years more. All the "system" will do by its insane proceeding is to hasten its overthrow by translating this working strength into fighting strength. There are too many of us—we form too large a proportion of the working force of society—ever to submit to any general industrial arrangement of this kind. And if we should, it would make such an army of paupers for the fellows under 35 to support, that they might have sense enough to rebel themselves, who knows? Carlyle declared that we are mostly fools and so we must be judged leniently, but there are some principles which are now going into effect with the sanction of the capitalist class which in the insanity of their conception are like putting out the eyes of a Samson and twining his arms about the pillars of the state.

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## Massachusetts' New Senator

WITH the passing of George F. Hoar, the last of the Senators of the United States who stood for traditions of political honor, Massachusetts sends a new man to Washington, W. Murray Crane, a capitalist whose paper mills produce the paper with the silk thread upon which government bank-notes are printed. Mr. Crane is a man of breeding and dignity and may be counted upon ably to represent the class which sends him to the senate. That the producing classes of the nation have gained in the exchange of Crane for Hoar, it would be idle to assert. Mr. Hoar was too old to understand the great world-struggle for working-class emancipation that is now the most conspicuous modern historic fact. He was not commercialized in spirit and could and would have helped, if he had understood. But he did not understand. Even as it was, he stood isolated and alone in the Senate. A senator not of the senate. The gang left him out of their councils. But Mr. Crane can understand. He is a capitalist and is class conscious. He is a typ-



ical American of the conventionally successful type. He has made his money by exploiting the labor of his fellow men in business; honorably, according to present conceptions of honor. He therefore enjoys the respect and admiration of people upon his own ethical plane. He is a higher type of man than Morgan or Rockefeller or any other of the purely predatory type; but while he would not do the things they do, yet his general influence will invariably be found upon the side of the class to which they belong.

George F. Hoar's type died with him. We will see no more statesmen until the revolutionary wedge gives voice in national affairs to the higher ethics of socialism. Modern politics are exemplified by Rockwood Hoar, the son of the late senator, who has just stood for Congress in the 3rd district of Massachusetts, a very shallow, ordinary person, breaking into public life under the mantle of his father's dignity. His letter of acceptance read to the convention which nominated him,

shows his hopelessly small calibre, and in matters of public principle exhibits him as about everything his father was not. In his treatment of the points his letter touches upon, he shows neither originality nor force, but there is abundant evidence of misinformation, superficiality and crude expression.

It is rather a shock to sensitive people in the old Bay state to find that the son of their dignified statesman is a reversion to so mediocre a type.

*Franklin H. Winchcomb*

## Things Neglected Grow

By Peter E. Burrowes



YOU must remember that the virtue which enabled our kind to come through the periods of savagery is now a vice. And what was that virtue? It was the virtue of conformity to the environments of an unknown and uncontrolled physical world. Men grappled with what they saw or knew, and to all the rest they submitted waiting for experience; and one of the first lessons learned by settled man was this—that things neglected grow.

By evasion, by consent or by overcoming; these were the ways of man's settlement on this old homestead earth. The conflict with nature has really been fought out; extremes of cold and heat, and toil and hunger and physical uncertainties were only the lot of primitive unripened man, but we have conquered them all. Who are remaining among us that do not enjoy the fruits of this victory? Do any suffer under such a shameful wrong? Things neglected grow.

Now here we are, settled down in a great circle of humanity by ourselves in a social world of our own creation; the forces of nature tied like relays of horses outside the camp. If any suffer from external evil it is a man-made evil; an evil made by the men of the circle and supported by the sufferers. Vigor, valor, vigilance, have slumbered, wrongs, our own wrongs, have come up around our necks like weeds to choke us—things neglected grow.

"Adapt yourself to your environment" would be sound and necessary doctrine, if still we were savages and our environment were sticks and stones. To acquiesce in a thunderstorm is good policy and common sense; but when they attempt to translate such acquiescence into our human relations, telling us to be content in that, whatsoever, station of life where it has pleased God to place us. They are false; it is a survival of the savage's necessity they preach among us. Are we their savages? Things neglected grow.

No viler doctrine can be preached than the doctrine of contentment with evil conditions humanly created and humanly removable; it is the doctrine of men who think themselves saints but are devils. It is however a very necessary doctrine to be taught by the servants of unlimited private property; and to be humbly received by those whom the unlimiteds must plunder, and whom in all their lawmakings they must disable or neglect—but things neglected grow.

And let me tell it to you, comrade of mine, by far the most pregnant sources in your own life, as in the life of society, are the sources of neglect, a lesson which the ruling classes never learn, until the gaunt forms of famished neglect with terrible axes beat upon their palace gates. Oh, little Dauphine, behold how terrible has become the multitude which only whined for bread yesterday. Oh, great plutocrat behold the class of merely unemployed persons how formidable they are as socialists—things neglected grow.

It is the great conceit of private, strenuous righteousness, that it may say "Behold how mightily well I do, so that if all men were to do as I, it would be mightily well with the whole world." And this is really the finest, highest point of expression ever reached by the philosophy of personalism. But how difficult it is for any two competing persons to do alike allowing one of them to win. Aye, it is impossible. There can

be no one good way of living for all men until we are economically safe from one another. The best that we can do is to reduce the number of things privately and publicly neglected, because things neglected grow.

When socialism comes, that great era of unfearedness; when no man's bread and life will be in the keeping of an economic adversary; in that time of bread rest, whatever there is in you and me can become itself without fear. If it be a weakness or a deformity it shall be born heir to the help and pity of all around it; if it is an indefinite it shall be moulded into a human good, if it be the embryo of greatness it shall be brained and nourished towards others. For social wisdom, then as now, will be the life behind the curtains, the life whose triumph is the number of things it has not neglected.

Do you think there is any widespread wrong in this city or nation which you can dispose of by passing the burden of studying, removing or enduring it to others? I tell you, that little mangy dog, which looked so pathetically in your face for friendship yesterday, and which you passed on to somebody else by a kick or a stone, is still in the city. The sullen brow of your little child on the stairs, whom you are not loving; the cynical laugh of the schoolchild, whom you are not protecting. The dry selfish soulless speech of the young one in the factory, whom you are sacrificing, the foulness of the daughters of the pavement, the sealed lips and fomenting anger of all who are oppressed and must be silent may become terrible as things neglected grow.

I hold that by this measurement no life now breathing upon the earth can lift its head. I defy any effort to divide men into saints and sinners by this law of righteousness. Yet this is the law of traction into our final social merit, by which alone states may survive and statesmen receive honor. Quiet and watchful behind the curtains; men of social righteousness, no longer rough riding flamboyant, will pick their patient way, seeing to it that no social groups are neglected. Perhaps the men that shall be heard of least will then be greatest. Oh what would you do then, Roosevelt? How intolerable! Things neglected grow.

The folk around do judge us rashly by the things we have done. Great man, good man, little man, bad man, they declare us, by the things we have done, but if they only knew what you and I have neglected! Oh, Mr. Roosevelt, were you ever righteous enough for one minute to feel this noose of self conviction tightening round your throat? Oh, you sleek unconvicted crowd of hypocrites who crammed the statute books last year with new laws for property, democratic and republican, how many laws have you passed for labor? Things neglected grow.

Things neglected grow, but always they grow into other things. This is just the point to be considered by you gentlemen of the legislatures. A neglected mile of marshland does not grow into two miles of marshland, but into millions of pesty mosquitoes and into devastating waves of fever. Somehow or other the factory child, by shovelling food into it, grows to its ordained inches. But by what you have not put into it, oh, public men, do you know what it is growing to? Now for what you have not put there, false democrats and republicans, come to judgment. One day a socialist victory is coming to tell you, how things neglected grow







THE STONECUTTER—By KARL JANSSEN.

## The Socialist Party's Appeal

EUGENE V. DEBS—(In the New York Independent).



OR the first time the socialists enter a national campaign with a national party—a party that is united, aggressive and enthusiastic from sea to sea.

The industrial conditions and tendencies are well calculated to set the working class thinking and to open their eyes to the trend of events.

In the presence of the abundance their labor has created they are idle and helpless, their wives fret and worry and their children, instead of a joy, become a burden to them.

The more industrious they are, the more they produce, the worse they are off, for the sooner does overproduction close down the mill and torture with hunger pangs the too industrious workingmen.

Something wrong! Something wrong!

That is the beginning in the mind of the intelligent worker and it never lets go until he is a socialist, and once he sees the light and becomes conscious of the latent economic power of his class he is a socialist through good and evil report to the last day of his life.

The campaign of the Socialist party is and will be wholly educational. To arouse the consciousness of the workers to their economic interests as a class, to develop their capacity for clear thinking, to achieve their solidarity industrially and politically is to invest the working class with the inherent power it possesses to abolish the wage-system and free itself from every form of servitude, and this is the mighty mission of the socialist movement.

Not a dollar for whisky, or cigars, or carriages! Not a dollar for a vote if a single dollar could buy every office in the land!

Can the Republican party or the Democratic party truthfully say as much?

The campaign fund, such as it is, is wholly to print and circulate literature, defray the traveling expenses of speakers and other educational purposes, and this fund is raised, not by "frying the fat" out of law-defying corporations, nor by extorting boodle from the corrupters of legislation and the beneficiaries of debauched public morals, but by each member contributing the equivalent of a half day's work from his wages.

We can challenge the record of political integrity and party cleanliness without fear of accusation. We shall not compromise; nor shall we be deflected in the least by any consideration from the straight road to the co-operative commonwealth.

The Socialist party is the only party that does not want a vote that is not intelligently cast. The popularity of a candidate is against him rather than for him in the Socialist party. No vote is wanted on account of the personality of a candidate. It is the value of the socialist principle that is taught and emphasized, and if this is not understood and approved the vote is not wanted.

Mere disgust with other parties is not accepted by socialists as sufficient reason to encourage the voting of the socialist ticket. Such votes are unreliable, deceptive and misleading. The men who cast them are apt to desert at the very time they are most needed. Any vote that is subject to the influence of personal considerations is so vacillating that it is of no use in the constructive work of a revolutionary political movement.





—Chicago Socialist.

Better a thousand trained, tried and true men, united on the solid basis of principle, than ten times that number thrown together on the shifting sands of personality.

In the Republican and Democratic national conventions principle is subordinated to personality. "Who are the candidates?" is the all-absorbing question. The people, like helpless children, are forever looking for some "great man" to watch over and protect them.

In the socialist convention principles are paramount; the candidates are the last and least consideration. The supreme question is, "What are the Principles?" and all the ability and interest of the delegates are absorbed in producing a scientific platform.

Socialists are not on the alert for some mythical Moses to lead them into a fabled promised land, nor do they expect any so-called "great man" to sacrifice himself upon the altar of the country for their salvation. They have made up their minds to be their own leaders and to save themselves. They know that persons have deceived them and will again, so they put their trust in principles, knowing that these will not betray them.

Between the Republican party and the Democratic party there is no difference so far as the workingman is concerned. He works for wages, and, as a rule, it costs him all he gets to live. If he organizes and forces up wages his exploiters raise prices. He has not the least interest in the tariff, or finance, or expansion, or imperialism. These issues concern the large capitalists represented by the Republican party and the small capitalists represented by the Democratic party, but they appeal to no intelligent wage-worker, and the fact that workingmen divide upon these capitalistic issues accounts for their being driven out of Colorado and Idaho, and for their being the victims of wage-slavery everywhere.

The Socialist party addresses itself to the working class, seeking to develop the intelligence of that class, while it appeals to the ballot for the realization of its co-operative commonwealth.

Others than workers are welcome on condition that they recognize the class struggle and join the party on the basis of a working class party.

Why should workingmen support the Socialist party?

Because it is the only party that is unequivocally committed to their economic interests, to the abolition of the wage-system and the freedom of the worker from exploitation and every other species of servitude.

The Socialist party does not expect the support of the capitalist class, for it is opposed to their economic interests, and it would be foolish to expect them to abolish themselves.

Let no one charge that socialists have arrayed class against class in this struggle. That has been done long since in the evolution of capitalist society. One class now owns the tools while another class use them. One class is small and rich and the other large and poor. One wants more profit and the other more wages. One consists of capitalists and the other of workers. These two classes are at war. Every day of truce is at the expense of labor. There can be no peace and good will between these two essentially antagonistic economic classes. Nor can this class conflict be covered up or smoothed over. In

Colorado, at this very moment, it is raging in full fury, and thousands of workingmen all over the United States are reading their own impending doom as wage-workers in the murderous volleys of capitalist misrule that belch from the rifles of the mine owners' militia as they assault a union hall and shoot down in their tracks their fellow workingmen for no other crime than that they belong to a union that is engaged in a strike to enforce an eight-hour law voted as a constitutional amendment by a majority of more than 46,000 of the people, and then denied the people by a corrupt legislature bought bodily and brazenly by the mine owners to betray the people they were sworn to serve.

The workers are not all blind to the causes underlying this great struggle. They are beginning to see and to think, and this fall many thousands of them will begin to act.

They know that under Republican rule and Democratic rule conditions for them have remained unchanged. They know that under the administration of both the "panic" comes that enforced idleness is certain, that strikes, boycotts, lockouts, injunctions, riots and blood-shed are inevitable, and that many of their number are doomed to drift into poverty and crime and finally end their lives as beggars, suicides, in prison cells or on the scaffold.

They know, too, that under both Democratic and Republican rule the President is on the side of the capitalists, that the Governors are all on the side of the capitalists, that Congress and all the State legislatures respond to the demands of the capitalists, that the courts are uniformly with the capitalists, while soldiers and injunctions and "bullpens" are for the exclusive benefit of workingmen.

The class struggle accounts for it all, and the intelligent worker takes his place on the right side of this struggle and works with all his might to bring his benighted brethren to the same side.

The Socialist party is the party of the workers, who are on the right side of this world-wide struggle, and, altho a minority to-day, it contains all the elements of self-development and will expand to majority proportions to inaugurate the impending change as certain as the forces of industrial evolution are undermining the present system and making that change inevitable.

The Socialist party is the party of the present and of the immediate future. It believes that the competitive system has outlived its usefulness, that it has become an obstruction in the path of progress, that, like feudalism, from which it sprang, it must pass away to make room for its co-operative successor.

The Socialist party stands for the abolition of the wage-system, for the economic freedom as well as the political equality of the working class, knowing that without the former the latter is impossible.

The Socialist party stands for the collective ownership of the means of wealth production and distribution and the operation of industry in the interest of all.

The Socialist party stands for industry of the people, by the people and for the people, that wealth may be produced for the use of all instead of for the profit of a few, and as the basis of a real republic, in which every citizen shall have the inalienable right to work and to enjoy all the fruit of his labor.

The Socialist party stands for a social order, in which every human being, in the full enjoyment of economic freedom, shall have full opportunity, in the best possible environment, to develop the best there is in him for his own good as well as the good of society at large.

When the Socialist party succeeds to power, as it will as certain as the tides ebb and flow, it will inaugurate these changes and usher in the Socialist Republic.

Upon these issues the Socialist party makes its appeal to the American people.

## A Socialist Book of Statistics

Facts. Pocket-Book of Statistics. Compiled by Thomas Bersford. Fourth (1904) edition. 104 pages. Paper, 15 cents. Published by the author, San Francisco, Cal.

The new edition of this valuable little work is a mine of useful information. It is one of the things which every Socialist, and especially every speaker and agitator, should make sure not to be without. The author has thoroughly revised it, using the latest statistics available. Those who take up the little book for the first time will be astonished to find it contain such a mass of information of a social and political nature within so small a compass. One of the most interesting paragraphs is that dealing with the important subject of classes and the distribution of wealth in America. Without making your pockets bulge out, "Facts" will fit you to meet successfully all kinds of arguments. It will prove a good investment.





## The Servant Girl Problem



IN a recent issue of the Philadelphia *North American* Caroline Pemberton, a well known Socialist of the Quaker City, writes of the servant girl, and the conditions under which she has to work, in the following manner:

The servant girl problem is a little different from the other labor problems in this respect: That her labor is not used, as a rule, to make profits for her employer, but to secure ease, comfort and luxury for himself and his family.

Her toil sets the mistress of the house free from toil. She prepares delicate food for the family to enjoy, and eats cold, left-over portions herself, or goes without. She dusts, sweeps, scrubs and carefully arranges handsomely furnished apartments for others to occupy, and shares a dismal, cold attic with her fellow-servants as her only refuge and the only spot she can call home.

There is no limit to the amount of self-sacrifice demanded of her by the mistress of the house. In hiring a servant many women announce at the outset:

"I want you to be willing to do anything that is asked of you, at any time," and this indefinite kind of service may mean night duties that will rob her of sleep, or sewing that will occupy all her spare time, if she has any in the afternoon; it may mean skilled nursing if any member of the family is ill, or washing and ironing for which she is physically unfit; or it may mean—and often does—that she shall, uncomplainingly, perform for an indefinite length of time the tasks of another servant who has left—and this without extra compensation.

The attempt to find out in advance what kind and what amount of service are likely to be required of her is regarded by the average mistress of the house as presumptuous and impertinent. The newspaper press of the country delights to caricature this futile and feeble attempt on the part of Bridget to select the least forbidding of the places that are open to her.

The truth is that domestic service, more than any other kind of employment, harks back to the ideals of slave labor in its search for the perfect servant.

The slave gave all he had to his master without compensation, and his life was at his master's disposal.

The problem of the servant girl is the problem of how to reduce a wage-earner to the status of the former slave; how to take as much as possible of her time, labor and comfort and give in return as little as possible in either wages or comfortable living.

The result is that the young American wage-earner very naturally prefers the grinding, monotonous toil of the mill, with its fixed hours of labor, to the varied service of the household, with its unending demands on her time and labor.

It is doubtless unpleasant also to have the bald fact constantly staring one in the face that one's toil is usually required for no higher purpose than to enable another human being to live in idleness and luxury.

The fact in the case of the factory hand is somewhat veiled. The private life of the master of the factory is not on daily exhibition. But the servant maid can never shut her eyes to the class distinction that makes her services necessary.

Class distinctions are not agreeable things to live with unless one belongs to the superior class. In this country they are more obnoxious, because based on accumulated wealth, than they are in Europe, where hereditary caste prevails.

In the private homes of the rich in this country there is no inherited distinction that serves to set one class above another.

The rich and prosperous believe that they can make this difference felt only in their treatment of those whom they consider their inferiors. Only a very few among our so-called upper classes make the difference known by the contrasting effect of their own refined courtesy.

The usual method is to demand a slavish attitude on the part of the employee. The young housemaid must stand in an attitude of respectful consciousness of her own inferiority. She must never speak unless she is spoken to. She must wait on robust young men of the family as though such a thing as chivalry were never heard of. She must perform every kind of menial service without as much as a glance of recognition or a word of thanks.

In fact, to thank a servant for handing one a glass of water or brushing off one's coat and hat is considered exceedingly bad form.

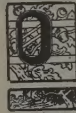
Gracious looking young women on the approach of a servant change their lovely expressions suddenly and turn on the humble creature a look that is meant to reduce her to the level of an earth-worm.

How pleasant it must be to witness every day and hour that change of expression and tone when an order is issued!

Yet I have heard even these would-be superior beings assert that there are no class distinctions in America!

A dog biting his own tail when it is pinched is no more painfully ridiculous than a wage worker snapping at Socialism when capitalism turns the screws of oppression on pure and simple unionism.—*Omaha Gazette.*

## Civilizing the Philippines



OUR newspapers have much to say about the great civilising influence of the American soldiers and carpetbaggers in the Philippines. Mr. John Foreman, an Englishman, who is said to be an authority upon the Philippines, has contributed an article to the *Contemporary Review*, which shows things in a different light.

American prestige, according to Mr. Foreman, is at a very low ebb in the Philippines, nor is this very wonderful if his version of Philippine history since the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over Manila is anything near the mark.

The deplorable fact that the Filipino has no respect for the individual American can only be understood by reviewing the events which followed the military occupation of Manila.

American volunteer regiments marched into Manila in good order like regular troops; but as soon as the novelty of their strange environment had worn off they gave themselves up to all sorts of excesses, debauchery and vice.

Exorbitant fines are imposed for the most trivial offences, and in Manila one lives in a perfect labyrinth of vexatious regulations and ordinances. In the provinces the Americans have abolished the old Spanish travelling system without substituting another. Americans like to do everything on a big scale, and the Filipino recognizes now how trifling were the pilferings of the Spanish officials compared with the enormous defalcations which we hear of weekly under the present rule.

The late civil governor, in his Cincinnati speech, spoke of the humiliation it was to him to know that seventeen American treasurers in the islands were serving their twenty-five years' imprisonment.

The Board of Health, an excellent institution where properly conducted, is here a social scourge; native vaccinators make a raid on the inhabitants every few months, and until recently they waylaid men, women and children in the public highways, in the city suburbs and the provinces, to operate upon them there and then. There is an abominable institution called the Secret Police, whose members include the social dregs of various races and nationalities. A secret policeman can arrest anyone by merely exhibiting a metal plate which he carries on his person.

## Mass and Class\*

The American Socialist movement begins to take its place among the class-consciously clearest and most articulate of the proletarian family of nations. We already have Simons, Hillquit, Untermann, Mills and other home authors full freighted for the future; and now comes Ghent hitherto among scientific Socialists an unknown or doubtful factor but now unknown and doubtful no more.

The author has well chosen to devote much of his book to the conflict of class ethics, thus affording an interesting psychology of pre-socialist times. The class struggle is eloquently and clearly stated, and the vast human significance and mission of the producers' part in that struggle is pressed home. We believe the six group divisions of society will prove acceptable to students; it is comprehensive, discriminating and helpful.

An indictment of the traders' civilization as "the age of graft", well fortified by facts, is also given such as will prove mighty fine reading for agitators. It is a live, aggressive, correct and hearty socialist book from cover to cover. It stands for the social minded mass, with labor at its center, against the unsocial minded class of traders with private profit, and social loss at its center. It stands for Socialism versus capitalism and ought to be read by all missionary Socialists. P. E. B.

\*) *Mass and Class.* By W. J. Ghent. 260 pages. Cloth. Price, \$1.00. New York: The Macmillan Co.



"Oh, Theodore, stop, you're tickling me"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*



# Gompers and the American Federation of Labor



HE Benedict Arnold of the "American Labor Movement" is the epithet given to Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, by the *New Yorker Volkszeitung*. This Socialist Daily thinks that Gompers is one of the greatest obstacles in the path of the labor movement.

In the October number of the *American Federationist* Mr. Gompers, contrary to his teachings, has gone into politics, by advising against voting

the Socialist ticket in Colorado. He says:

"The Republican party of Colorado has nominated Governor Peabody for re-election for another term, the despicable Peabody who violated all law and trampled under foot every guarantee of constitutional and human rights. All thinking and unselfish men in Colorado agree that Peabody ought to be defeated overwhelmingly. Some 'wise' men are said to have declared that they would vote the ticket of the Socialist party and urge upon the members of the Western Federation of Miners to do likewise. In other words, they propose to defeat Governor Peabody for re-election; they are about to wreak vengeance upon him for the outrages he has committed against the miners and against all the people of Colorado, by voting 'in the air'. In truth, such a course, if pursued will practically result in Peabody's re-election, which would no doubt be accepted to be an endorsement of his every action. Fortunately, it is generally regarded that the people of Colorado will take the most practicable means to rebuke Peabody's brutality and encompass his defeat by voting for his most formidable opponent."

The *Cleveland Citizen* answers Gompers by saying: "To turn out one military despot and put in another is 'practicable,' of course; to vote against both union-smashers is voting 'in the air.' Sure! There is really nothing to do in Colorado but make a choice between two parties owned body, soul and breeches by the mine-owners, just as the people made their choice at the last election, when Peabody opposed a member of the Mine Operators' Association on the Democratic ticket. Having jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, the working people can this year hop out of the fire back into the frying-pan. It is to be, in a word, an everlasting, monotonous game of seeking the lesser evil."

And the *Eric People* says: "Poor Sam Gompers—on the fence, uncertain which way to jump, torn and distracted between his love for labor and capital—which are at the parting ways and therefore liable to leave Sammy stranded, forlorn and desolate unless he decides quickly. Who would not be a coward, a liar and a hypocrite under such untoward circumstances? So we can allow a large latitude for his spineless and timid editorial in the current "Federationist," in which he advises labor in Colorado to defeat Peabody, but not "firing their votes in the air" for the socialist party. The miserable old poltroon dare not tell them plainly to vote the democratic ticket. That might compromise him more than he cares for, and besides somebody might ask him how about "bull pen" Steubenberg, democratic governor of Idaho."

The approaching annual convention of the American Federation of Labor prompts the *Miners' Magazine*, the organ of the Western Federation of Miners, to remark:

"The American Federation of Labor is about to hold another annual convention. Delegates from all parts of America and Canada will assemble in the city of San Francisco to discuss the great problem which remains unsolved, and which unsolved problem is gathering the storm clouds upon the horizon of every nation upon the face of the globe. The American Federation of Labor boasts of a numerical strength that reaches a membership of nearly 2,000,000. Yet, with this vast army enrolled beneath the banner of organized labor, no representative upon the floor of Congress permeated with the true and loyal spirit of unionism lifts his voice in demanding justice and industrial liberty for the wage-slaves that groan beneath the galling yoke of corporate oppression. For nearly a quarter of a century the American Federation of Labor has been waging a ceaseless conflict upon the industrial battlefield, and has used every weapon in the armory of simple trades unionism to advance the interest and the welfare of the great mass who, under the present system, are the legitimate prey of licensed robbers who are monarchs in the corporate and commercial realm. No language is adequate to paint a verbal picture of the misery and suffering which brave men and women have endured to hold aloft the principles of unionism. Upon many a battlefield where strikes have been waged and fought, the blood of labor has wet the soil and the pangs of hunger have forced moans and wails from the lips of innocent starving children, whose fathers were battling against the serfdom of wage-slavery. Through all the years of struggle the American Federation of Labor has placed a reliance upon the efficacy of the strike and boycott, to win some vestige of justice from the clenched grip of greed.

As the Federation grew strong numerically and covered a greater expanse of territory, it aroused the corporate and commercial interests to action, and today, from the slopes of the Pacific to the Atlantic, from the lakes to the gulf, corporate and commercial combinations have risen in the majesty and might of their economic power and threaten to render impotent and helpless the work of nearly a quarter of a century.

Industrial associations and citizens' alliances have sprung up in a night, and they meet the weapons of organized labor—the strike and the boycott—with the lockout and the blacklist.

Furthermore, the employing class has occupied the political arena (which labor has not yet entered as a united body) and elected its representatives to public office, whose acts in an official capacity have made the master class more formidable when labor rebelled against corporate domination.

Mr. Gompers, the executive head of the American Federation of Labor, has frowned upon any attempt to bring "politics into the union" and yet while condemning "politics in the union" he sends out a circular letter to all the local unions of his organization requesting the membership to forward letters to their respective congressmen ascertaining their position upon the eight-hour bill, the anti-injunction bill and the initiative and referendum.

Because Samuel Gompers and other prominent officials identified with the American Federation of Labor have put the brakes upon unionism entering the political domain as a united body, is one of the great reasons why Mr. Gompers is now forced to ask the membership of his organization to write letters to congressmen who have been nominated through the influence of citizens' alliances and industrial associations that are waging a battle to the death against organized labor.

What can Mr. Gompers expect, from the nominated representatives of the capitalist class?

Nothing, except milk-and-water promises or evasive answers.

From the very fact that Samuel Gompers and the prominent men of the organization have chained the membership within the boundaries of simple trades unionism, is one of the reasons that the letters written by the membership of the organization will be practically treated with silent contempt.

If the letters are ignored, what position can Mr. Gompers or his organization assume, that will relegate to political oblivion the nominated candidates, many of whom are already tied hand and foot to serve the interests of the employing class?

The *New York Evening Post*, a so-called independent newspaper which is owned and controlled by the employing class, flippantly comments on the methods used by Gompers in the following language:

"Mr. Gompers, as procurator of the Holy Synod of the Job Trust, alias the Federation of Labor, announces that he will officially catechize every candidate for Congress. The replies to the Gompsonian inquisition must be a categorical 'yes' or 'no'; and failure so to reply within ten days will be construed as a negative answer, and will subject the recusant to the pains and penalties of being opposed by the labor vote. The three queries which our American Pobedonosteff puts to the trembling candidate are: (1) Will you vote against government by injunction, by voting for our bill on that subject? (2) Will you vote for our eight-hour bill? (3) Will you vote for the referendum? We do not want to interfere in what is none of our business, but we should like to suggest that the 'little list' ought to be supplemented, if Mr. Gompers is to be sure of his man. It would, we submit, be proper to add the following interrogatories: (4) Are you in favor of beating, maiming and killing all scabs and strike-breakers who are willing to take up jobs that federationists have quit? (5) Do you acknowledge that the constitution of the United States is subordinate to the mandates of the Federation of Labor and the ukases issued in pursuance thereof? (6) How much are you ready to plank down as insurance against a further persecution by the federation? It is probable that only the last question need be answered, provided a satisfactory and unequivocal reply is made thereto."

The Hartford Times, another mouthpiece of the capitalist class, hands out through its editorial columns the following insolent comment for the consideration of Mr. Gompers:

"If it happens that none of the candidates of either party, or only a very few of them, shall obey his command as to a prompt answer, what will Mr. Gompers do about it? Will he establish a party of his own? That would seem his only alternative. Yet it is hard work to establish a new political party in this country, as many unsuccessful experiments during the past fifty years have demonstrated."

Many editorial comments from journals owned by the privileged few might be quoted to show the utter disregard that is entertained for organized labor, simply because the editors of these journals are well aware of the fact that labor is disunited politically, and, being so, is unable to enforce its threats or make good its demands.

Capitalism is a bird of prey, and its wings are the Democratic and Republican parties. The labor vote goes into both the old parties and strengthens the wings, which enables the bird of prey to continue in its flight of devastation and plunder.

Mr. Gompers in the convention at San Francisco is confronted with an industrial situation in this country that bodes disaster to organized labor in the near future. No man will deny that the clouds of industrial depression are casting their shadows all over the bosom of this country. The sun of prosperity is sinking, and its fading light will soon be followed by the gloom of adversity.

During the past year nearly a million of wage earners have become masterless slaves.



## THE COMRADE

The mines, the mills and the factories are reducing their forces, and not only that, but submitting reductions in wages, while the prices of the necessities of life (cornered by the trusts) are steadily rising upward.

What will the American Federation of Labor do with the idle army whom necessity will force to surrender their principles of unionism and bid for the jobs of those who are employed rather than starve? What can any, or all the labor organizations combined, do to save men and women during the trying months of the future, when industrial depressions shall strike fear in to the hearts of the idle millions?

Is it not true that Samuel Gompers and the membership of the American Federation of Labor should realize that our present industrial system is wrong—that capitalism, the oppressor of all humanity in every country, must be overthrown before men and women can enjoy the heritage of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Labor in every

country of the world must unite politically. Labor cannot expect the exploiter to strike from the limbs of the toiler, the shackles of wage slavery.

"He who would be free must strike the blow." The despot and the tyrant never wrote an emancipation proclamation.

Men who have suffered wrong and persecution, men who have felt the scourge of the whips of capitalism, must come together upon the political battlefield, and with a united ballot dethrone the monstrous system that makes human flesh the cheapest commodity in the world.

The convention of the American Federation of Labor, whose delegates are now directing their steps towards the metropolitan city of the Pacific, are confronted with a graver situation than ever in the history of this country. Upon the wisdom of the delegates and their courage to face the situation with resolute hearts depends the potency of unionism in the future.



MEETINGS OF THE STRIKERS IN MILAN.

## The General Strike in Italy



LITTLE as has been said by the Press of the United States with regard to the general strike of the workers of Italy, the fact nevertheless remains that it was one of the most noteworthy occurrences of the year and one of great significance to the Socialists of all countries. The Italian Proletariat has, by this impressive demonstration, given a splendid example of class solidarity, and one that puts to shame the workers of our own country.

A correspondent of the London *Labour Leader*, writing from Italy gives the following resume of the strike:

To appreciate the serious nature of the events of last month in Italy there are certain facts to be borne in mind. Briefly these: (1) No public meetings may be held without twenty-four hours' notice having been given to the State police ("Carabinieri," armed with rifles and revolver), the local chief of police having full power to prohibit such meetings or to attend them and limit their proceedings as he thinks fit; (2) All printed matter for publication or distribution must first be inspected by the local chief of police, and over this he has the same unlimited power; (3) At a moment's notice all postal, telegraphic, and telephonic communication is under the rigorous supervision of the State censor. All these and other powers were fully exercised against the popular movement, yet—the following are the bare facts.

For months past there had been small strikes in various parts of the country, all due to local conditions of labor. In some half dozen of these the military were called out by the local chief of police, and fired on the strikers, in every case but one for truly paltry reasons—as, for example, the knocking off the hat of the chief of police. Finally, one of these massacres took place at Sestri, near Genoa, and a week later, as the leaders of the Socialist party sat in consideration of the possibility of a national strike in October in "protest against the brutal interference of the Government in the pacific solution of economic problems," telegrams were being received from all parts of the country announcing a general strike. This was on Friday, 16th September.

The practical movement had its origin at Milan, where the strike was most successful and most prolonged, lasting for five days from Saturday, 17th—longer than the Parliamentary leaders hoped, or, indeed, wished. It was proclaimed by the Camera del Lavoro, and during those five days the city was entirely in the hands of that body. There was no train, tram, or cab service, no electricity, no newspapers, and all the shops and most of the restaurants were closed. The Camera del Lavoro published an "Official Bulletin of the General Strike," and attended to the distribution of bread and to the cleanliness and order of

the city. Several great mass meetings were held, at which Republicans, Socialists, and Anarchists spoke in turn, and the single violent death which took place was apparently due to a private quarrel. When the strike began, most of the military were out of town on manoeuvres, and railway communications being at a standstill between all the northern centres, they did not get back until the evening of the fifth day. As there was no rowdy rabble to fire on—only some quiet fun at their expense—they at once disbanded in search of food. The next day work was quietly resumed by order of the Camera del Lavoro.

Meanwhile over the whole of Italy the strike was spontaneously general—among the cities, notably Turin and Genoa, but also, at least for one day (Monday, 19th), in Rome, Naples, Bologna, Venice—scores of smaller towns and hundreds of little ones. Nowhere was there serious disorder, but Milan was the most orderly, the best organized of them all, also the most revolutionary.

The results of this tremendous proof of working-class solidarity are difficult to foresee. The Government has arrested a fair number of harmless people, as usual, and has given orders to the local chiefs of police to make "careful lists of all dangerous Socialists and Anarchists" (from the official instructions), and to watch and report their movements.

We supplement this account by some extracts from an article by Oda Olberg in the *Neue Zeit*:

On the morning of September the 15th, the news spread through Italy that again the Carabinieri had shot upon organized workers, killing two of them. A new link in the bloody chain that reaches from Berra, Candela, Giarratana to Buggerru, came the bloody deed of Castelluzzi. Ten days had passed since the last occurrence of that kind. The effect of the news was like that of a thunderbolt. All at once it impressed itself upon the consciousness of everybody, how meagre and unavailing had been all preceding protests. Should they repeat the words of indignation and accusation uttered at the graves, hardly closed, of the miners of Sardinia? Were the proletariat to again protest in massmeetings, feebly make a fist and leave things as they are, patiently carrying its yoke, without possessing the first elementary right of social community—the protection of life from violent outrages? All felt that the hour of wordy protests had passed. Something had to be done. And without waiting for an order, they acted. Two hours after *Il Tempo* had spread the news from Sicily among the workers of Monza the strike had been declared there. At noon the wheels ceased to go around. 7000 workers had gone on strike. On the evening of the same day the members of the Milan Camera del Lavoro proclaimed the general strike. On the morning of September the 16th all work in



Milan came to a stop. The number of strikers was variously estimated at 80,000 to 100,000. On the evening of the 16th the Socialist leaders of Rome decided upon an address to the Socialist party and the executive committees of the labor organizations, advising them to follow the example of the workers of Milan and enter into a general strike as a protest against the murder of innocent proletarians. That same night twelve men were wounded at Sestri near Genoa, where the authorities had ordered the carabinieri to open fire upon the people. On the 17th, at noon, the strike was declared throughout Liguria. The street railroad workers, the gas workers and the workers of the electric power-houses had already ceased working. For three days the city of Genoa was without light, bread and meat. In Rome the strike was declared on the evening of September the 17th. Excepting the gasworkers, it comprised all the industries of the capital. The papers announced on the morning of the 18th that on account of the strike they had to cease publication. Turin, Bologna, Livorno, Biella, and hundreds of smaller cities followed suit. A simultaneous stoppage of work had been rendered impossible through the suspension of telegraphic communication. On the 18th, after Premier Minister Gioiotti had stated that the government had no intention to take sides in peaceful strikes and that those who were responsible for the shooting of strikers would be punished, the Camera del Lavoro of Milan resolved to call upon the workers to resume work. But the workers of that city did not at once respond. The strike lasted two days more, until the 20th. In Genoa work was resumed on the 21st. But now the strike spread to other cities: Mantua, Venice, Naples, Florence, Ravenna, and many more. It is impossible to give exact figures as to the number of strikers and the number of working days lost. Far into the smallest mountain villages, into the most remote towns, did the strike extend. In the province of Mantua, which is predominantly agricultural, about 120,000 workers left the fields.

The railroad workers, with the exception of those of Siena and Naples, did not strike.

London *Justice* says editorially about the strike:

What has recently taken place in Italy—and we have had very poor and mostly distorted accounts of the great strikes in that country so far—ought to show Socialists everywhere that they cannot go on inciting men to combination and action without rousing a, perhaps unconscious, readiness to revolt. From all that we can learn, it seems certain that the leaders of the Labor movement in Italy were quite unprepared for this sudden and extended outbreak which spread through all the great cities from Naples to Venice like a flash. Even now the actual cause of the popular manifestations seems unknown, though it is believed to have been due to the action of the troops in shooting down strikers in a small country town. The general strike soon collapsed after occasioning much inconvenience and some suffering to both sides. It is claimed that the working classes have, however, made themselves felt to an extent they have never done before, and, certainly, the sense of solidarity displayed has been as satisfactory as it has been surprising. But it is doubtful whether so much has been achieved in actual fact as some imagine. The best point about the business is that the Socialists appear to have entirely sunk their differences in the heat of the struggle, and Turati, Bissolati, Ferri, and Labriola found themselves once more in the same camp. It is quite possible that one of these days a similar unexpected movement will occur nearer home than Italy. It behooves us Social-Democrats to be ready for it when it comes.

But J. B. Askew, writing in the same paper, is of a different opinion. He says:

The success of the Italian mass-strike—to avoid the now so unpopular word, "general strike"—is wonderful, and shows how powerful are the bonds which bind the proletariat together, and also to a certain extent how vain it is to attempt to lay down too exactly the terms on which alone success can be ensured. The very success of the organization of the masses, the collection of big reserve funds, seems to create a spirit, which is inclined to view with too great anxiety, and naturally, any decisive steps, and to lay down impossible conditions before undertaking them. Whereas, the strike in Italy points to the fact that the very spontaneity of a movement may at times guarantee its success in absence of a long preparation—which also means that the opponents have equally time to prepare. I was told, for example, in Westphalia, that the big factories there have all vast quantities of reserve coal laid in so that a big strike in the mines would not disturb them in the least—for several months at least. Against that kind of preparation the most careful piling of reserve funds is apt to prove useless, and the sudden and spontaneous laying down of work by a large body of workers, may, even if they have no large means at their disposal, take the bourgeoisie more completely off their guard than the more coolly-considered and better-prepared action of a strongly organized proletariat. Naturally, such a movement can only be a spontaneous ebullition. It cannot be part of our programme to encourage such strikes, only when they come, to help them to the best of our power.

The Italian correspondent of the Berlin *Vorwarts* writes regarding the effect of the strike:

"The immediate effect is that the government will exert all its influence to prevent the use of weapons in a conflict with the masses. That the ruling classes know and fear our power. That we know it ourselves and in consequence of that knowledge feel in duty bound to deepen the knowledge of Socialism among the masses.

## The Song of the Pickaxe\*

By ADA NEGRI



Rustic sword that cleaves the soil am I,  
I am force, and yet I grope  
In ignorance; I thrill with hunger's cry;  
I am misery and hope.

I know the red-hot scourge of noontide's glow,  
The thunder's deafening crash,  
The hurricane's tremendous clouds I know  
From which the lightnings flash.

I know the red-hot scourge of noontide's glow,  
In wild triumphant mirth,  
With royal flowers, insects and kisses gay  
Calls forth from out the earth.

Ever more sharp, more smooth and bright I grow  
With every hour of toil,  
As constant, strong, submissive, on I go  
Cleaving the hardened soil.

Into the lonely farmhouse gray and old,  
In dingy huts and low,  
Where through the broken casement bitter cold  
The winds of winter blow,

Where idleness, by smoldering brand that sighs,  
Squats mute; where famished, thin,  
Disease is shivering, wan, with hollow eyes,  
And yellow, withered skin,

I enter in and watch as I remain  
In a lone corner's gloom,  
While dreadful dark sinks on the swampy plain  
And fills the smoky room.

While fever grim the women's bodies shakes,  
Working its cruel blight,  
Naught but the peasant's heavy breathing breaks  
The silence of the night.

I watch and in me springs a hot desire:  
Of a new dawn I dream,  
When, golden in the sun, shining like fire,  
An oriflamme supreme.

Brandished by an inspired rustic crowd —  
With strong almighty hand,  
I shall be raised with strength and life endowed,  
Above the fertile land,

But free my blade shall be from bloody stain,  
And banners white shall fly,  
The dragon dread of hatred shall be slain,  
In dust downtrodden lie,

And from the earth that is with fragrance fraught,  
That teems with joyous love,  
Cleared from old wars that hostile forces wrought  
By ardor from above,

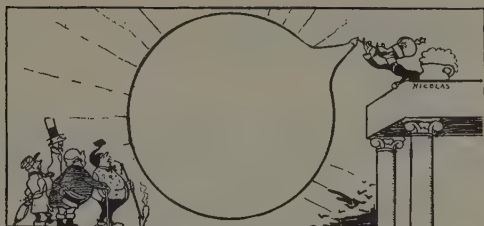
A mighty tumult hoarse of human cries  
To the blue sky o'erhead,  
Mingled with sobs, yet as a hymn, shall rise:  
"PEACE! — LABOR! — BREAD!"

\* From "Fate". Poems by Ada Negri. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

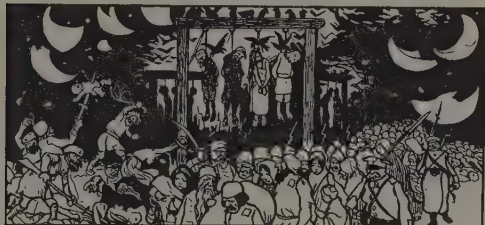


FOR A CLEAN BED, WHICH?





The Czar's manifesto on the birth of his son is a bubble.



When it hursts the glories of autocracy will again appear.

—Der Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart).

## Letters from Siberia

By Correspondents of *Free Russia*.

Vladivostok, July 28.



**V**E live here in a very peculiar atmosphere, although we have ceased now to expect a bombardment. Of course, everywhere, masses of military men, especially in the open-air cafes, in the restaurants, and in the kabaks (public-houses). On the steamers, and at the railway station, you hear and see a lot of boasting bravado, side by side with a lackey's servility before superiors, and unworthy brutality towards inferiors, towards soldiers, waiters, and towards civilians in general. . . .

"In the street you already meet crippled young fellows, on crutches, with bandages, and the agonized faces of women, soldiers' wives, who come from time to time to the town hospital, asking for some calming drugs: 'Because I don't know where my husband is; he has not written for long time . . . but I must work . . . have no strength . . . don't sleep for nights together . . . it is killing me!'

"Many of the soldiers are from the Reserve, quite elderly men. They return from the military work (the Sunday rest has been long since abolished) exhausted and broken down. In front there march the young fellows, shouting and singing bravely, and behind are dragging the Reserve, with worn-out, lifeless faces. Doctors with whom I am acquainted have told me with indignation that even soldiers suffering from consumption are not allowed to return home—they may still be used as cannon's meat. When the town doctor sends invalids suffering from some dangerous chronic disease—heart or lung—to the hospital, not five of eighty are admitted to the hospital by the authorities. 'You see, that would look bad for the army, and weaken discipline!' The military doctors act according to their orders, so that even some officers show more pity for the invalids than the medical head of the hospital. The medical inspector and his assistant attending the medical examination of the soldiers make decisions not worthy even of an old country woman. 'What's the matter with you? Swollen legs? Rubbish! And you? Consumption? Rubbish, too! The air in the barracks is better than in the hospital wards.'

"The public is clearly divided into two camps—the 'never say die,' and those who are expecting 'another Sebastopol.' The first are, of course, more numerous. Drunkenness is everywhere general, and especially in the batteries. The soldiers and the officers drink to delirium, then they shoot each other, or they simply shoot themselves. In the middle of this universal hell, each particular abomination loses its natural hideous dimensions, and produces little impression."

Poltava (not dated).

" . . . The recruits are ounging along the streets, and bowing to everyone they meet. 'Good-bye, we shall meet in the next world!' The women are throwing themselves upon the lines, to prevent the passing of the military trains. Moans and cries everywhere."

Tomsk, July 20.

" . . . The number of insane and otherwise nervously afflicted in the army is becoming appalling. And about drunkenness! . . . Whole military trains leaving Tomsk are drunk—from first to last—soldier and officer! Now there is an order issued to shut the 'monopolies' (the

State public-houses) during the despatching of the soldiers; but since the 'monopolies' were introduced the secret sale of vodka has spread enormously. Everyone is now trading in vodka, and on the days when the 'monopolies' are shut, the people are more drunken than ever! I have reason to believe that the barmen of the monopolies warn the secret sellers beforehand of the days when the monopolies will be shut: for them it is a direct interest to sell as much as possible. The days before the shutting of the monopolies you can see such a picture: crowds of the townpeople, and especially tradesmen, are carrying gallons of vodka from the monopolies to prepare for to-morrow's sale. . . .

"Here are brought more and more Japanese captives, and the first party of our wounded were brought only three days ago. Among others, two wounded doctors. There is a very persistent rumour that the soldiers who were brought in are not wounded, but ill with syphilis. They were installed in the Student's Hostel. Even in the official papers it was stated that there are a frightful number of syphilitics. My God! what have they done with our people!"



## The Philadelphia Labor Lyceum

The most artistically decorated Labor Hall in the country at the present time is, without doubt, the Labor Lyceum of Philadelphia, situated at Sixth and Brown streets. The institute is owned and conducted by an association of German Socialist workmen. For some time renovations have been going on in the building, in which most of the Socialist massmeetings are held. Two Socialist artists, F. A. A. Dahme, and W. A. Junge, the former well known to readers of *The Comrade* by the many excellent drawings he has contributed to our magazine, had undertaken to beautify the main hall and other parts of the Lyceum, and the result is one of which the comrades of Philadelphia may well feel proud. When a few weeks ago the Lyceum was thrown open again to the public, the work of the two artists, executed with much loving care, excited the admiration of all.

The color scheme is red—the color of international Socialism. Renaissance is the general style of the designs.

There are fifteen paintings in the main hall, which holds more than 2000 people. In the rathskeller there are two paintings, and in an upper reception room there is one painting.

The pictures in the main hall may be divided into three groups. The first consists of four irregular panels, one in each corner, representing Labor: its sleep, the subject of its dream, its awakening and reality.

The second group consists of ten pictures, five on each side, over the side galleries. They represent, respectively, drama, music, philosophy, art, chemistry, agriculture, labor, justice, commerce, electricity and machinery.

The third group consists of one large picture at the end of the hall facing the stage and containing two figures. It is called "Dawn," and is the most original in conception of all the paintings. Out of a mist of heavy clouds the sun is breaking, while two men are being whirled through space, the one sturdily guiding himself as though swimming; the other, as if against his will, being swept backward and forward, shielding his face from the light.

The stage has been painted in an old metal color, which harmonizes with the ensemble, and gives an appearance of structural strength.



Main Hall of Philadelphia Labor Lyceum.



# The Rise and Fall of New Harmony

George B. Lockwood in Wayside Tales



It was a strange fortuity that made a single spot upon the lower Wabash the scene of two great experiments in social reconstruction so strikingly in contrast as George Rapp's colony of Wurtemberg peasants, inspired to communistic association by the desire to emulate the early Christians, and Robert Owen's world's congress of political and religious revolutionists, purporting to create a new moral world in a fortnight of laymaking.

The one was a fanatical reaction toward primitive Christianity; the other was an attempted projection of society into the millennium by the simple process of enacting a few community constitutions based upon strictly ethical principles—the application of the faith cure to economics.

In all the history of idealistic undertakings there is no other series of incidents so picturesque as those attendant upon Robert Owen's magnificent undertaking at New Harmony. The Rappites built in the background—they had transformed an estate of thirty thousand acres into a veritable oasis in the illimitable wilderness. With the Indians still skulking in the forests round-about, with the parquets swarming in the treecrops and deer still the quarry of the native huntsman, they had mirrored in the waters of the Wabash, a village like those familiar along the Neckar or the Rhine. With stoic industry this German company of eight hundred had reduced thousands of acres of alluvial land to cultivation and had covered the slopes beyond the village with vines, full clustered in the early autumn, and magnificent orchards of grafted fruit. Above the treecrops and the factories and home, they sheltered, towered a vast brick church, the plan of which had been revealed to Father Rapp in a dream.

Before the village rolled the broad bright river and back of it rose the undulating green of the hills.

Hither in 1824 came Robert Owen, strange combination of business man and social dreamer, a remarkable character, unselfish, sincere and a born leader of men. The most successful cotton manufacturer of England, acquiring an interest in social reform through philanthropic undertakings in his factory town of New Lanark, which had attracted the favorable attention of the world, he looked forward to nothing short of the total overthrow of what he called an irrational social system, and the erection upon its ruins of a new moral world, "an organization," as he said, "rationally to educate and employ all, through a new organization of society which will give a new existence to man by surrounding him with superior circumstances only \* \* \* the least visionary and the \* \* \* most easy of practice of all systems which have been proposed in ancient or modern times to improve the character and insure the happiness of the human race."

Provisionally, it seemed to him, there had been provided this theater for his great undertaking, a place where it would be possible for the citizens of the new moral world in new harmony to furnish immediately at hand, in the manifest results of Rappite labor, an object lesson in the advantages of co-operative toil which was a feature of his scheme of social reorganization.

And hither, in response to an invitation all too general, came "all who were in sympathy with a new state of society." Out to this wilderness Utopia they flocked from every state in the Union, and from every country in the north of Europe. There never was gathered under the canopy of heaven a company more cosmopolitan nor one more picturesque. There were the men and women of genins, a splendid company than which no more remarkable had ever gathered in the western world; there, too, came the crotchety and the discontented who had quarreled with the old moral world and were ready for a joint debate with the new: there were the high-minded and the altruistic, attracted by the ardor with which Robert Owen eloquently preached the coming of society's golden age; there, also, were the shiftless and the idle, pleased with the prospect of life without labor: there were the sentimental, to whom this romantic undertaking presented all the attractions of a picnic under the trees or an excursion by moonlight; there, too, were the selfish and the grasping, who saw in Robert Owen an easy victim of crafty cupidity. There were graduates of the universities of the old world and the new, men and women polished and refined from London and St. Petersburg, from Iverdun and Glasgow, from Philadelphia and Boston: and, contending always for equal rights with them, were the illiterate squatters drawn out of the woods by the coming of this colony much as the savages were brought to the ocean's edge by the advent of Columbus.

The interest aroused by the great experiment was national in its extent. "The National Intelligencer" quoted the Philadelphia papers as saying, early in 1825, that nine hundred inhabitants of that city had expressed a desire to join Mr. Owen's colony on the Wabash. Robert Owen delivered a series of addresses in the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, having as his audience the larger portion of the membership of both the Senate and the House, the President and his cabinet and the members of the Supreme Court of the United States.

"In 1825," says John Humphrey Noyes, "Robert Owen stirred the very life of the nation with his appeals to Kings and Congresses, and the vast experiment undertaken at New Harmony. Think of his family of nine hundred members on an estate of thirty thousand acres. A magnificent beginning that thrilled the world."

We may follow in the columns of the community paper, "The New Harmony Gazette," the progress of the Harmonians and their pursuit of the unattainable.

Whenever things went wrong: when the machinery in the mills failed to operate because of the lack of skilled labor, when the fences rotted away and the fields failed to yield their harvest because toil was beneath the dignity of born reformers, the remedy was sought in street corner sessions of sages or a meeting of the Society, for the evolution of a new constitution.

Then came segregation into several communistic associations, the result of quarrels among the contentious, and then internecine strife among these separate societies, then crimination and recrimination, then fist fights even among the strong-minded "dames of House No. 2," then a condition of unexampled chaos in the community. Then the reluctant confession of failure, even by Robert Owen, his return to England, and a resumption at New Harmony of the old order. This series of incidents covered in all a period of nearly three years.

No undertaking is a failure which leaves mankind wiser and better because of it, and judged by this standard the New Harmony venture was a wonderful success. There has not been another trial of philosophical communistic associations so auspiciously undertaken, or so thoroughly carried to a conclusion, as that of Robert Owen at New Harmony. Brook Farm has occupied a larger place in literature, but as a serious effort at solving the social problems of its time, it did not approach New Harmony in importance. To New Harmony, Brook Farm was as a playground to a work shop. Brook Farm afforded temporary amusement to a coterie of celebrities who cherished romantic ideals in common, but it bequeathed little to the world except their individual contributions to the literature of that period. The New Harmony experiment was conducted in a less romantic atmosphere, but it was more earnest, thorough and conclusive, and to the modern student of sociology it is vastly more significant as a social venture.

And there is inspiration in the study of this altruistic undertaking, as there is in every phase of the ceaseless activity of Robert Owen in behalf of his fellow-men.

Contemplating this experiment we may say with Emerson: "In a day of small, sour and fierce schemes, one is admonished and cheered by a project of such friendly aims, and of such bold and generous proportions: there is an intellectual courage and strength in it which is superior and commanding: it certifies the presence of so much truth in the theory and in so far is destined to be fact \* \* \* I regard these philanthropists as themselves the effect of the age in which they live, in common with so many good facts, the efflorescence of the period and predicting the good fruit that ripens. They were not the creators that they believed themselves to be, but they were unconscious prophets of the true state of society: one which the tendencies of nature lead unto, one which always establishes itself for the sane soul, though not in that manner in which they paint it."

But of more immediate importance to us, perhaps, is the fact that the death-bed of Robert Owen's "social system" became the birthplace of several distinct movements which have assumed great proportions since the story of the New Harmony communisms became a half-forgotten chapter in the history of social experiments.

There the doctrine of universal elementary education at public expense, without regard to sex or sect, as a duty of the state, was first proclaimed in the middle west, and through the labors of Robert Dale Owen, more than any other one man, this conception of the state's duty has found expression in a common school system that is the glory of the republic.

Through William Maclure, Robert Owen and Joseph Neef, Pestalozzi's pupil and the author of the first American works on the science of teaching, the Pestalozzian system of education, now everywhere predominant, was first successfully transplanted to this country.

William Maclure's manual training school at New Harmony was the second of its kind in the United States, and through that institution and its popular publications, the idea of technical training was first widely disseminated in this country.

The infant schools established at New Harmony by Robert Owen, "the father of infant education," and conducted throughout the lifetime of the communistic experiments, were the first of their kind in America.

It was in the schools at New Harmony that the theory of equal educational privileges for the sexes was first put into practice. Through William Maclure, "the father of American geology," Thomas Say, "the father of American zoology," Constantine Rafinesque, the pioneer ichthyologist of the west, Charles Albert Lesueur, the first classifier of the fishes of the Great Lakes, Gerard Troost, one of the earliest American mineralogists, and the younger Owens, New Harmony became the greatest scientific center in America, and the first important scientific



outpost in the west; there came such distinguished students as Sir Charles Lyell, Leo Lesquereux, Prince Alexander Philip Maximilian and his company of scientists, F. B. Meek and Dr. Elderhorst. New Harmony became the headquarters of the United States Geological Survey, with one of its own students, David Dale Owen, in charge; it was the site of a museum containing the remarkable collections of Say and Maclure, and of a scientific library unexcelled on the continent.

One member of the New Harmony coterie of savants, William Maclure, was one of the founders of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences; another, Robert Dale Owen, became legislative father of the Smithsonian Institution. It was in certain of the New Harmony communities that women were first given a voice and vote in the local legislative assemblages, and there the doctrine of equal political rights for all, without regard to sex or color, was first proclaimed by Frances Wright.

Through this brilliant woman, too, New Harmony became one of the earliest centers of the abolition movement, and spoke forcibly through Robert Dale Owen to President Lincoln when emancipation hung in the balance.

Through Robert Dale Owen, New Harmony impressed upon American law the modern conception of the legal rights of women, and in New Harmony was founded by Frances Wright what is known as the first woman's literary club in the United States. The New Harmony Thespian Society (1825-1875) was one of the earliest among American dramatic clubs.

New Harmony in 1826 afforded the first known American example of prohibition of the liquor traffic by administrative edict. Through William Maclure, New Harmony gave to the west a system of mechanics' libraries from which dates the beginning of general culture in more than a hundred and fifty western communities.

Through Josiah Warren, New Harmony originated a philosophy of individualism, a rebound from communism, which has had sufficient vitality to survive its author for nearly a half century and to impress itself indelibly upon modern economic thought beyond this, it is claimed by credible authorities that from Josiah Warren, who founded the New Harmony "Time Store," and originated a system of "labor notes," Robert Owen derived the idea out of which have grown the great labor co-operative societies of Great Britain, constituting the most successful labor movement of the nineteenth century. Even the religious latitudinarianism of the New Harmony communists, so bitterly denounced in its own day, has served as a leaven of liberality in religious thought itself, until the narrow type of religion which the Owenites so steadfastly opposed, has in large measure disappeared.

The vaudal hand of business enterprise has not been heavily laid upon the village of New Harmony during the years which have intervened since the Rappites labored in their wheat fields to the music of their band, or since the Owenite philosophers discussed the patent dividual invention of Constantine Rahnesque for the simplification of the co-operative system. In its architecture and in its atmosphere New Harmony preserves to-day much that is suggestive of the earlier and greater period of its history. The last of those who lived and labored in New Harmony's golden age have long since ceased to dream of an earthly New Jerusalem, but the great movements to which they gave origin and direction still sweep onward in an everwidening current.

## The German Socialist Congress



COMPARED with the stormy proceedings at Dresden last year, the meetings of the German Socialist Congress at Bremen, which ended on Saturday last, were calm and peaceful, not to say dull. The delegates appeared to have made up their minds that business and not personalities was to be the order of the day, and that heresy-hunters were to be given a needed holiday. One matter, however, of a personal nature came before the Congress, namely the attitude of Max Schippel towards Protection. But this was discussed without the heat and passion which characterised the debate on Revisionism at Dresden.

Paul Singer, who usually presides over the annual Congress, was unfortunately unable to be present at Bremen owing to a severe illness. Johann Dietz, member of the Reichstag for Hamburg West, made an excellent substitute, however. The preliminary items of the agenda—reports of the Executive and Parliamentary group, etc.—were adopted after a short discussion. The first report showed that the party was in an excellent position financially. The income and balance in hand were higher than ever before; the subscribers to the party Press numbered close upon 700,000, of which over 70,000 were readers of the chief daily paper, the *Vorwärts*. The manager of the *Vorwärts* gave an extremely rosy account of the development of the Berlin printing and publishing establishment, anticipating that next year the party would receive the sum of \$35,000 net profit from the undertaking.

A faint sign of breeziness arose in discussion upon a motion by Karl Liebknecht—son of *der alte Wilhelm*—to the effect that a special agitation against militarism should be organised among young men called upon to serve in the army. This proposal was killed by the almost unanimous opposition of the Congress. It was pointed out by Vollmar, Fischer, and other veterans, that under the present laws with regard to organizations, if an attempt were made to carry out the wishes of

Liebknecht the whole of the Socialist organization would be brought into danger. It speaks volumes for the iron power of the law in Germany and the philosophic patience of the Germans that a resolution of this kind was defeated by an overwhelming majority.

A somewhat different tone was adopted by several delegates in discussing the idea of a general strike. Before it was agreed that the party Executive should be given the power to decide whether the subject should be discussed at the next Congress, Bernstein, Liebknecht, and Klara Zetkin, representing both the so-called Revisionism and Revolutionism, pointed out that it was not sufficient to condemn the "General Strike" as an Anarchistic madness. As far as Germany was concerned, argued Bernstein, it might be necessary in the near future to use stronger methods of protest against reaction than mere resolutions at public meetings. Suppose the franchise for the Reichstag were taken away, as had been threatened, would the party content itself with simply protesting? Jaures, he continued, was in the main right when he said at Amsterdam that the German people had no revolutionary tradition; he (Bernstein) was astonished at the way in which obedience to the police had inoculated the masses, especially in relation to the closing of meetings. It was necessary to consider whether it would be possible to adopt the means of a "political" general strike if the Reichstag franchise were seriously attacked by the Reactionists. Liebknecht followed in a similar strain, and pointed out—as Jaures did in Amsterdam—that the narrowing of the franchise in Saxony was a "Mene Tekel" for the party. Klara Zetkin was of the same opinion. Altogether the debate gave evidence of the underlying unity among all sections of the party on this important question, which is bound to become an increasingly burning one as the party gains in electoral strength.

The matter of Max Schippel's views on the recent Tariff was discussed quietly and with very little personal bitterness. Max Schippel, member of the Reichstag for Chemnitz, is considered to be one of the best mentally equipped members of the party. During the fight in the Reichstag against the Tariff he did not help his colleagues to the extent his talents and knowledge would have enabled him to do if he had so willed. Gradually it was found that he did not seem to agree with the opinions of the party with regard to the taxation of food, and, in fact, his writings gave the impression that he was in favor of Protection. When challenged on the matter, Schippel replied that he was simply placing before his constituents and readers not his own views, but those of the defenders of the Tariff. What his own views really were it was difficult to discover, so the Congress decided, on the motion of Bebel, that Schippel must make up his mind to fall in line with the party or take the consequences of his want of clearness—in other words, to support Free Food or resign his seat. Schippel's defence at the Congress was very clever, but at its conclusion his hearers were as much in the dark as before as to what his real position really was. The Congress decision indicates that the German Socialists will not tolerate any coquetting with Protection on the part of its responsible members.

In giving a report of the Amsterdam Congress Bebel defended himself against the charge made by Dr. Quarck—a co-delegate at Amsterdam—that he had not acted fairly in obtaining the support of the German delegates to the Dresden resolution brought forward by the Guesdists. Bernstein, although disagreeing with the Dresden resolution, contended that Dr. Quarck's charges of unfairness were untrue. Bebel, however, declared that if the German delegation had been made aware earlier of the Adler-Vandervelde amendment it might have been possible to have come to an understanding upon it.

The discussion of the question of the First of May brought out the fact that the workers in Germany are losing their interest in the demonstrations which take place on that day. A resolution was carried calling upon the workers to carry out the wishes expressed at Amsterdam in favor of the day being kept as a holiday, but there seemed to be a strong feeling that it would be a dead letter. Trade Unions are growing in Germany, and they do not care to take the risk of paying lock-out benefits to members whose employers shut up their workshops and factories for several days if the holiday is kept.

An interesting debate took place on the subject of municipal politics. The speeches gave evidence of the complexity of the question, and considerable difference of opinion was expressed with regard to the sphere of the municipality and the State respectively. To exhaust the subject a much longer time was required, but the discussion showed that the experience of members of the local bodies were alive to the vast importance of securing the most efficient machinery for the carrying out of a Socialist municipal programme.

Among other important points, the condition of the public schools and the alien problem were dealt with. With regard to the latter it was decided that the Socialist group in the Reichstag should bring in a Bill—not to exclude aliens, but to give them, as early as possible, the same rights as German citizens! This should be noted for the benefit of the English anti-alien movement.

Altogether the Congress was a sign that the party has become tired of long speeches and destructive quarrels about theory, and has resolved to devote all its energies to preparing for the threatened struggle with reaction over the retention by the masses of the small amount of political power they possess. In that struggle the party will require all its best talents, its great resources, with complete unity, if it is to win. Hence the earnestness and seriousness of Bremen—a complete contrast to the passion and personal strife at Dresden twelve months ago.—Ald. W. Sanders in *Labour Leader*.



# Different Dogs

By Clarence L. Davis



"AY," said the spruce young man to the little lame man as he crooked his finger to the waiter, "Did you witness how that thieving pirate of a bone-busting butcher soaked it to me on that three pounds of porterhouse? — Made me pay him 99 cents for it, by gum! What'll you have?"

"Cert," said the little lame man, answering the two questions at once. "Seeing as you seem to have more money than I have, and appear to be anxious to give the internal revenue a boost, I don't care if I do. Make mine a milk-punch with an egg in it."

The spruce young man looked dazed for a moment, and then ordered a short beer, while the other continued:

"Yes, I saw the way he 'soaked' you, as you call it, but the way you and most everybody else does their kickin' in such matters reminds me of Sim Cullum's dog, which differed widely in sense and character from Fred Porter's dog."

"For while Sim Cullum's dog, when he got his tail in a gate, used to put in his time biting the gate, Porter's dog got in his fine work on the 'gator,' as the lawyers would probably call him, with most astonishing results to the assembled multitude, including the aforesaid 'gator.'"

"This Sim Cullum was a fellow I used to know when I was a boy back in a Michigan piney woods village that constituted my native heath in the days of my youth, and he had one of the measliest, cross-eyedest, orneriest, brindle bulldogs that ever walked through a gate sense the day when his faroff ancestor ambled down the gangplank of the Ark an set' foot on the then some'at damp soil of Mt. Ararat, an' while he was mean an' homely to beat the band, in putty near everything 'cept one he had a heap o' savvy."

"Sim's chief amusement was callin' him through a gate, and then shuttin' the gate too in jest time enough so as to catch him by the tail, and though he did it about twice a day reglar, year in an' year out, that pup never got onto the game. Hundreds of times I've seen Sim standing on the same side of the gate as the dog a pushin' hard agin the gate, so as to nigh cut his tail in two, an' that animile would lift up his voice to heaven in wild, weird, fitful wails of anguish to make your hair curl, an' while Sim's leg was only about two inches from his nose, do you think it ever occurred to him to bite Sim? Not on your life. While he shattered the ambient atmosphere with his cries to heaven for succor, he was diligently engaged in biting the gate, an' in the nine or ten year I knew him, I reckon he must have chewed up an' digested at least seven white-oak gates. An' all this time, while the calf of Sim's leg, which was a great deal juicier, to say nothin' of bein' so much handier to his nose, was right in front of him, and while one little bit of a bite on it would have settled the game of 'tail-in-the-



gate' forever, so far as Sim was concerned, it never once even dimly entered the cranium of that fool canine to quit wearin' out his teeth on the white oak an' try a nip at Sim's shanks."

"Well, here's looking at you, and hoping for better times," said the spruce young man.

"Same to you," said the other; "an' when you fellows quit actin' like Sim's dog, an' get down to business same as Porter's dog, did, you'll have your better times amarchin' right up to your front doors an' a demandin' admittance in stentorian tones. This dog of Porter's was about as homely a lookin' cuss as Sim's, but he was younger, an' he knew more; that is, he semi-occasionally allowed the vestige of a thought to filter through his brain. 'Sted of takin' it for granted, same as Sim's dog did, that gates was possessed of an innate faculty of shuttin' themselves to, on the tails of brindle bulldogs, this yere dog of Porter's, after a viewin' Sim at the amusin' game of 'tail-in-the-gate' from a far off a couple o' times, comes to the conclusion that it was Sim an' not the gate that was to blame for the agonization of his partner, an' likewise came to the conclusion that Sim didn't have no divine right to bring about such a weepin' an' a wailin' an' a gnashin' o' teeth."

"From all o' which it will be seen that while Sim's dog was a conservative-minded, law-abidin'-citizen sort of a dog, this dog of Porter's was a wild-eyed, socialistically-minded, anarchistically-inclined sort of an animile; at least that's what one might infer from what happened."

"One night, jest at it got good an' dark, Sim an' Porter come along together, an' their two dogs was with 'em, an' Sim he opened the gate as usual to let his dog slip in so as to give him his daily session of evenin' prayer, an' then he slammed the gate too, same as he'd done a few thousand times afore, an' then, to his own an' Porter's astonishment, it wasn't the dog, but Sim who lifted up his voice in the weepin' an' the wailin' act. For you see, it was Porter's dog that got ketched, an' bein, as I said, deep thinkin', an' consequently a dog of evil an' socialistic tendencies, he didn't waste any time a chewin' on the gate, but lit right into Sim's leg in a way that made that hilarious individual put more heartfelt agonized sound into the evening-air than his dog had ever put into a half a hundred of his appeals. Well, I dunno what ever would a become of Sim, if his dog hadn't a lit into the other one, an' sorter distracted his attention. At any rate Porter's pup had his dander up, an' he had Sim's canine on the run in about four seconds, after which he chased Sim himself clear into the doctor's house he was a makin' a beeline for on a dead run."

"Well, do you know that, though that pup of Sim's had been freed by the sense an' courage of that other dog from the daily pain of 'tail-in-the-gate,' he never could get used to it. He didn't have sense enough to know when better times struck him. He was always a-mournin' for the good old days when 'tail-in-the-gate' was his master Sim's daily evenin' pastime. Why, even as late as a year or more after, while Sim was still a-limpin' round an' complainin' of his





leg,—an' I reckon he's a-limpin' a little yet, though that was over thutty year ago —, I've seen that dog o' Sim's back up an' slip his tail into that half-open gate an' wiggle it invitin'ly back an' forth between the gate an' post, an' look up in Sim's face with a sort of appealin' expression; but somehow or ruther Sim didn't seem to take no notice o' the hint. "Tail-in-the-gate" didn't seem to have the attractions for him it had had when he was younger an' less experienced in the ways of a wicked world filled with dogs havin' a tendency towards anarchy when their tails was pinched; but the dog, *he just pined for it*, an' in about another year he turned up his toes and died of a broken heart, and if he didn't run up against his favorite game where he went to I reckon he's a-pinin' yet, for some dogs are like most folks; they don't feel happy, unless somebody's abusin' 'em, an' the more they abuse 'em, the more they love 'em, an' the more they — *bite the gate*; but when they get sense enough to quit bitin' the gate an' bite the "gator," same as Fred Porter's dog, why, then we'll ALL have better times."

## England's Children



HE latest Blue Book of the English Government has been called an epoch making book. It certainly is a document of great value to every student of sociology. It contains the Report of the Inter-Departmental Committee on Physical Deterioration and owes its existence to the splendid stand which the Boers made against the invaders of their country five years ago. The enormous reinforcements which were needed to crush the indomitable

Africans brought to light the fact that England could not meet the demand except by accepting recruits who were physically unfit. This state of affairs suggested the inquiry the result of which is the report mentioned. A more severe indictment of the capitalist system can hardly be imagined, as will be seen by reading what we quote here from the *English Review of Reviews*:

The chapter on infant mortality is dismal reading. At present one-fifth of the children born in our great centres of population die in infancy. One-third of them die before they are a month old. How many die before birth the Committee cannot ascertain until it has had all still births registered. When we read of the Sheffield woman who had buried seventeen out of eighteen children, and the Burnley woman who had buried sixteen out of twenty, the whole sixteen going off before they lived twelve months, it is difficult to believe that such a state of things is either more moral, more humane, or more healthy than the practice of limiting the population before it is born which prevails among the educated classes everywhere. Parturition is no child's play, and to bring forth what is nothing but business for the undertaker is not a burden which ought to be imposed upon the British mother. The worst of it is that there is no sign of any improvement in the terrible total of infant mortality. For twenty-five years, while the general death-rate has fallen, the babies keep on dying at the old rate.

The mother in most cases knows little or nothing about how to care for her child before its birth, and very little more about it after it is born. In many cases she anticipates his arrival with regret, and if she has to bury him within three months of his arrival, she pockets the insurance money, and consoles herself by the thought that there is one fewer mouth to feed. In many cases she works at the factory up to within a month of childbirth, and she is back again as soon as possible, regardless of the child's need of nursing.

The British child, alas! unless he is born of Jewish stock, is losing his natural right to a mother's milk. Rich ladies are too lazy to nurse their children, and poor women cannot afford to do so if it entails absence from work. All the witnesses agree that the practice of breast-feeding is dying out. Before the seventeenth century all mothers suckled their children. Nowadays, even in Ireland, "the practice of suckling is fast dying out." If six months at the breast is taken as a proper allowance of mother's milk, it is doubtful whether one happy British child in eight obtains that natural heritage.

His mother's milk being denied him, he is fed on all manner of substitutes. Cow's milk, skimmed or unskimmed, tinned milk and patent foods are given him, often through a long indiarubber tube, which it is almost impossible to keep clean. The milk is often drawn by filthy milkmen from filthy cows standing in filthy stalls. It is then sent to town, where it is exposed in stuffy shops to a bacteria-laden atmosphere. If our unfortunate infant lives in the country, he cannot get cows' milk at all, for it is all sent to town. Goat's milk is even scarcer. If the poor little wretch's parents think they can circumvent the bacteria by buying sterilised milk, they are told by one authority that it produces scurvy, and is utterly unfit food for children. The same authority—Dr. Vincent, of the Infant's Hospital, at Hampstead—said that all the patent foods are absolutely unfit for infants! Clearly our British citizen, in the infant stage, has some excuse for giving up the struggle before he is three months old.

Supposing that he battles through the first twelve months, he is often put out to nurse, or left in charge of other children. He is fed from a year old with whatever is going. "They eat what we does." We hear of one baby being fed on cold cabbage, and another who was regaled on tinned salmon and orange juice. Sometimes they are plied

with gin. "Gin livers for children under three," said Sir F. Maurice, "were a common experience of hospital practice." Even if he escapes poisoning by gin—by whisky in Ireland—he is often made to feel that he is a nuisance. His mother gets rid of him by farming him out to old women whose one idea is to keep him quiet. In the Potteries one witness described one semi-paralysed nurse who had four little children sitting round her all day on the stone floor. No one will teach him how to play, and he grows up ignorant of all children's games.

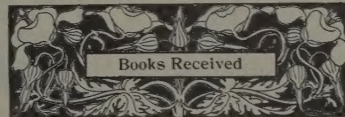
When he gets a little older he finds that his mother has no idea how to cook him a decent dinner. He is fed on tinned things, and in some homes he never will know what it is to sit down to dinner. Worse, still, his mother, in town at least, does not know when he ought to be put to bed. He will often be ill for want of sleep, but his parents keep him up to exceedingly late hours. When his clothes get ragged, his mother often does not know how to mend them. In many households there is not such a thing as a bobbin and thread or a needle, and he will have to wear his clothes till they drop to pieces in filth and rags.

When he is sent to school he runs great risk of perishing of cold by having to sit through lessons in wet clothes in a badly warmed schoolroom. He will often acquire curvature of the spine by the posture he is constrained to adopt. He will be half asphyxiated by foul air, and his eyesight will be ruined by want of light. He will often have to go to school without a breakfast or remain without a dinner, cramming his head with book-learning which he forgets almost as soon as he leaves his class, but acquiring little or no practical physical training for the work of life.

After he leaves school he scrambles through his teens and then marries a girl as ill-trained as himself. They get a room in a slum where the air is close and the atmosphere dense with smoke, and in a short time another child is born into the world to begin again the dreary round.

Such a picture of the lives of millions of British citizens is to be found in the Report and the Evidence.

The Committee makes several recommendations, some of which are entirely insufficient, while others are simply absurd. One of the proposals amounts to this that if you do not maintain your children properly, the State will do it for you and send you the bill. If you cannot pay, you will be enslaved until such time as your enforced labor yields sufficient profit to discharge the debt.



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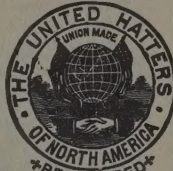
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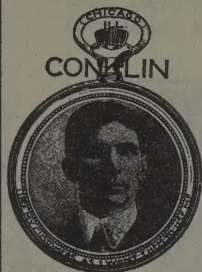
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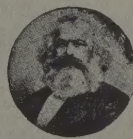
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